

Weather: 'Tis nobler in the mind.

9:00--Lecture: Robert Pack--"Beginning With Nothing"
10:10--Lecture: Francine Prose--"Summer Reading"
2:00--Lecture: Nancy Willard--"What We Write About When We Write
About Love"
4:30--Readings: Carol Frost
Richard Hawley
5:30--Reception: West Lawn of the Inn
8:15--Reading: Linda Pastan

It will be the policy of THE CRUMB to promptly correct any and all misprints or misinformation if and only if it can be ascertained that the Editors were in no way responsible for the original errors.

- 1) There will be no evening hours in the bookstore. If you try to get into the bookstore from 9:15 to 10:00 pm Campus Security will take notice.
- 2) Lunch will be served at 1:00, not 1:15. The dining room doors will close at 1:15. If you try to get into the dining room after 1:15 Campus Security will be called.
- 3) Limited faxing service is available between 10-11:00 am, and 3-4:00 pm in the secretary's office. Charges are 50 cents per half-minute to send messages, plus 10 cents per page for messages sent or received. If you send a message you must pay for the service and obtain a receipt on the same day it is sent; if you receive a message a slip will be put in your mailbox. The FAX number here is (802) 388-6801. If you try to use any other FAX number, Campus Security will ticket you.
- 4) Ritual Druid sacrifices will no longer be allowed in the big field across from the Inn unless they have previously been registered with Campus Security.

Due to a recent Vermont State Law that went into effect in July, smoking is not permitted in public buildings (ie--the Barn, Inn Lobby, Dining Room). Smokers are asked to confine their activities to the outdoors, which includes the porches of the various buildings on campus, though the Front Desk staff humbly requests that people not smoke outside the Front Desk windows, as the balmy zephyrs that waft across the meadow tend to waft all smoke right into their office.

Please remember to get your room assignment and mail box information at the front desk if you have not already done so. If you ordered the New York Times (a second-rate rag, in this paper's opinion) you must pay for it before you can receive your first issue.

The Writer's Conference is proud to present Vermont's favorite poet's favorite sport--Ultimate Frisbee. For experts and newcomers alike--come if you like to run and we'll teach you the rest. We will meet in the field by the parking lot Thursday, Saturday and Monday at 3:30 for one hour. Questions? See Laurie Greco (Larch 2) or Woody Woodsum (social staff).

STAFF RISES TO THE OCCASION:
Staff readings will occur on Thursday and Friday nights, at about 9:30, or 15 minutes after the evening readings, in the Burgess Meredith Little Theater. All are welcome and encouraged to attend; for those who choose not to attend, Campus Secu--

"We would like to apologize for the continual references to Campus Security. THE CRUMB does not condone the use or suggestion of strong-arm tactics to enforce campus policy. We prefer coercion. Those editors responsible for the offensive articles have been sacked."

PRIMARY PARTY PLANS PROGRESS:

There will be a reception today, on the West Lawn of the Inn, following the afternoon reading, at about 5:30. In the event of rain it will be held in the Barn.

NOT WITH A WHISPER, BUT A BANG:

Headwaiters Alexandra Shelley and Mark Mariani remind diners that they should bring their ID's to all meals. Those who fail to do so will be taken outside and shot.

"If you are as alarmed by the apparently violent policies condoned by THE CRUMB as we are, please register your objections in the strongest possible terms, in writing, to the CRUMB mailbox outside the secretary's office. It would appear that further editorial purges are necessary."

WHOSE GOODS THESE ARE:

Bread Loaf Historian David Bain proudly announces the arrival of the first editions of Whose Woods These Are, the history of the Bread Loaf Writer's Conference, so hot off the presses that the bindings are still steaming. The book is available now in the bookstore, a full two weeks before it will be available to the general public, and contains a comprehensive history of each year of the conference along with 380 photographs, most of which have not been previously published.

Q.O.D.

THE CRUMB announces the first installment of "Quote of the Day." Guess the author of the following quote for one point, the tome it comes from for two. Clues to the author and the work's identity are imbedded in some of the headlines of THE CRUMB. Submit your guesses, in writing, to THE CRUMB mailbox by dinnertime on the day the quote is run. Points will be tallied, and the person with the most will be suitably rewarded at the end of the conference. Today's quote is tough, but one that no self-respecting Bread Loafer should fail to guess:

"How did I get up here on this high mountain, do you ask? I was born here. My ancestors were here before me. It is our home, this mountain-top. They came here from the valley below, I suppose,-- at least the greater part of our family have always dwelt in the valleys. But those that came upon the mountains found the soil deep and strong, and thrived on it, and I grew up with the rest of them, only a little nearer to these rocks. And as the years went by I have become stronger and taller, until now I am the largest of all the pines upon this mountain."

* * * * *

Posterity

For every newborn child
We planted one live tree,
A green posterity,
So death could be beguiled
By root and branch and flower
To abdicate some power.
And we were reconciled.

Now we must move away
Leaving the trees behind
For anyone to climb.
The gold-rimmed sky goes gray.
Snow, as we turn our backs,
Obliterates our tracks.
Not even leaves can stay.

Linda Pastan, from Heroes In Disguise

The Crumb

a la carte edition

Hey! I ordered
a cheeseburger!



Vol. 68, no. 3

Thursday, August 19, 1993

"If it wasn't true,
we wouldn't print it."

Weather: There'll be some.
Sports: How 'bout them Red Sox?

MENU FOR TODAY:

- 9:00--Lecture: Hilma Wolitzer--"He Said, She Said"
- 10:10--Lecture: Donald Justice--"Poets Reading"
- 11:20--Informal Talk: Melanie Koupa--Children's Books
- 2:00--Discussion Groups (to 3:30)
- 4:30--Readings: Judy Cofer
Richard Jackson
- 8:15--Reading: Nicholas Delbanco
- 9:30--Staff Readings

FOOD FOR THOUGHT:

Headwaiters Mark (son of Paul) Mariani and Alexandra (daughter of Percy Bysshe) Shelley are appalled by their portrayal in yesterday's CRUMB as bloodthirsty tyrants. They would like to let the community know that failure to bring your ID card to meals will not result in your being shot. Torture should be sufficient.

APERATIF (DON'T GET HUFFY, DINERS):

From THE CRUMB mailbox we find this concerned letter:

Dear Editors,

I find it objectionable that the penalty for tardiness to lunch is execution. What would you tell my family? How is my abrupt exit from their lives to be explained? Aren't you the least concerned with the rumors that could ensue from such a practice? I urge you to consider, if not less impressive, then less final methods of ensuring promptness.

First Time Breadloafer

Dear First Time Breadloafer:

We think you'll be relieved to read the first news item in today's CRUMB. Please report to the headwaiters for your torture. As to the questions you pose: Nothing; It isn't; Not at all. Thank you for giving us the opportunity to expound upon our editorial policy.

The Editors

APPETIZER (BLACK & BLUE STRAW):

Scholars please meet in the Blue Parlor at 4:15 this Friday (that would be tomorrow).

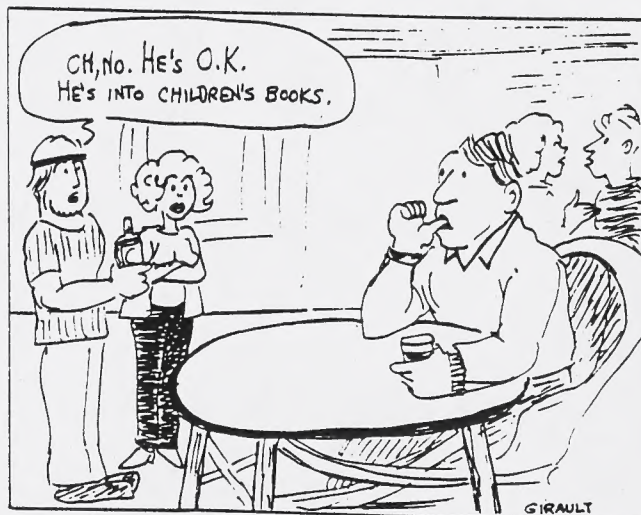
LIGHTER FARE (SIDE SALAD):

If anyone will be attending the Ruth Lily Poetry Convocation this fall in Bloomington, please contact box 2255 at the front desk.

MAIN COURSE (BONELESS CHICKEN PAPRIKA):

Please note the following additions and/or changes in the conference schedule:

- 1) At 11:20 today, Melanie Koupa will be meeting informally with people in the Barn West classroom. Ms. Koupa is Executive Editor of Orchard Books, currently developing a new line of children's books. She was formerly with Joy Street Books of Little, Brown & Co. Many thanks to Norton Girault for his interpretation of the aftermath of the meeting (at right).
- 2) Marvin Bell and Donald Justice have exchanged reading times. Mr. Bell will now be reading at 8:15 on Friday, and Mr. Justice will be reading at 4:30 on Saturday.
- 3) Next week, on Tuesday, August 24, Marvin Bell will replace Linda Pastan in the Workshops and Linda will be added to Wednesday, as well as moving from Friday to Saturday for her second one, which means, of course, that Mark Strand will be moving from Saturday to



Friday and Marvin Bell will be expunged from Saturday completely, which is good because Francine Prose will then be added to Thursday. Confused? Don't worry--the daily schedule in THE CRUMB will be reliable and as fresh as today's salad bar.

(BIG) CHEESE COURSE:

Manuscript readers and discussion group assignments will be posted by lunchtime on the bulletin board outside the secretary's office. Please attend the discussion group of your reader. If you are an auditor you may attend the group of your choice.

Locations: L.Schwartz, S. Schwartz, Livesey--Barn Classroom 1 (1st floor)
Wolitzer, Smith, Benedict--Barn Classroom 2 (1st floor)
Powers, Hawley--Barn Classroom 3 (2nd floor)
Pastan, Nordhaus--Barn Classroom 4 (2nd floor)
Strand, Collier--Barn Classroom 5 (2nd floor)
Prose, Brown--Barn Classroom 6 (2nd floor)
Bell, Jackson--Barn West (Far west end)
Parini, Schulman, Cofer--Tamarack Lounge (Antebellum mansion)
Pack, Mariani, Frost--Library first floor
Willard, Williams--Library second floor
Delbanco, Nelson--Library basement
Justice, Margolis--Blue Parlor (Inn)
Huddle, Stark--Treman Living Room (3rd cottage across from Inn)

DESSERT (SPUMONI):

Tonight after the evening reading, you are invited to attend the first of two staff readings in the theater, the second of which will be tomorrow. Reading this evening will be Sebastian Matthews, Diann Shoaf, Steve Duffy, Jennifer Bates, John Canaday, Bess Huddle and Laura Kaschishke.

TABLE SCRAPS:

The front desk reminds conference attendees of the following morsels:

- Lost or found items should be brought to or picked up from the front desk.
- The campus switchboard operates until 11:00 pm. Please pick up ringing hallway phones so callers can reach their parties.
- Conference attendees share a mailbox with another person.
- Cars should not be parked along Rt. 125. Campus security really will take notice!

Q.O.D.:

Despite an overwhelming desire to attribute yesterday's quote to Robert Frost, the author was indeed none other than the man who built Bread Loaf--Joseph Battell--taken from his classic work Ellen, or Whisperings of an Old Pine. For further edification on the man and his world, consult the book . . . or better yet, consult Whose Wood These Are, available now in the bookstore. It has nicer pictures and is much better written. Congratulations to Bob Buckeye and Laurie Greco, who correctly guessed both author and work. Today's quote is from another former Bread Loafer (yes, that's a hint, and there are more in the headlines):

"Filling her compact & delicious body
with chicken paprika, she glanced at me
twice.
Fainting with interest, I hungered back
and only the fact of her husband & four other people
kept me from springing on her"

* * * * *

Part of David's salary was fish. He collected fish scraps from the cutting table, or a ragged fillet, or lobsters with no claws. He learned to shuck shellfish expertly, and at cocktail parties he was called upon to open oysters and clams. He was back at his shack before noon, and he had the afternoon to write. On clear days he took his typewriter outside. He set up a table beneath the shingled overhang and kept his carbon copies in a doorless Kelvinator by the western wall.

Nicholas Delbanco, from "The Day's Catch"
in The Writers' Trade

THE



CRUMB

Vol. 68, no. 4

Friday, August 20, 1993

"All the views that
miss the point."

Weather: Or not.
Stock Market: Cows growing anxious.

SCHEDULE DU JOUR:

- 9:00--Lecture: Mark Strand--"Views of the Mysterious Hill"
- 10:10--Talk: Paul Zimmer--University Presses
- 11:20--Publisher Panel: Ellen Faran, Donald Everett Axinn,
David Haward Bain
- 2:00--Talk: Ellen Levine--Literary Agent
- 4:30--Readings: Gary Margolis
Dinitia Smith
- 5:30--Cocktail Party: Theater Lawn
- 8:15--Reading: Marvin Bell
- 9:30--Staff Readings II

BLUE PARLOR ANNOUNCEMENTS:

- 1) Today's Scholars Meeting in the Blue Parlor will be at 3:00, not 4:15.
- 2) Anyone interested in reading or listening to poetry should plan to attend an open reading in the Blue Parlor this Sunday, August 22, at 4:00. Readers should bring five to ten minutes of material.
- 3) Would the individual who has tethered the goat outside the Inn please keep it in the Blue Parlor during readings and lectures. The bleating has been very disturbing to speakers.
- 4) Neither the University Press talk, nor the Publisher Panel, nor the Literary Agent talk will occur in the Blue Parlor. All of them will be held in the Burgess Meredith Little Theater. Please sit near the front for a more intimate atmosphere.

A NOTE ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS:

PAUL ZIMMER is Director of University of Iowa Press, formerly with University of Georgia Press and University of Pittsburgh Press. He is an accomplished poet in his own right and is often seen in conversation with his Muse.

ELLEN FARAN is the Chief Financial Officer and General Manager of Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, and was formerly with Harper & Row. She is a graduate of Harvard/Radcliffe, teaches at NYU, and enjoys philatelornithology: collecting carrier pigeons with exotic postmarks.

DONALD EVERETT AXINN has been a director and member of the Executive Committee of Farrar, Strauss & Giroux for 20 years. He has five volumes of poetry and one novel, is working on several projects, and had his pilot's license suspended for buzzing David Huddle as he was serving for the match in a tense five set nail-biter two years ago.

DAVID HAWARD BAIN is the official Bread Loaf Historian, co-editor (with Mary Smyth Duffy) of Whose Woods These Are, which is available in the bookstore now, and was in publishing at Knopf, Stonehill and Harmony Crown. He is also a talented musician and has been known to sit for hours on end watching his ant farm.

ELLEN LEVINE, of the literary agency which bears her name, is the agent for such writers as Russell Banks, Garrison Keillor and Amanda Cross, as well as having a fine reputation for championing emerging writers. She was formerly associated with Curtis Brown, is a frequent lecturer at writers' conferences, and once flew coast-to-coast seated next to a woman who had the same birthday as her.

WELCOME TO OUR WORLD:

From the Social Staff, we have the following announcements:

--There will be a cocktail party to celebrate the publication of Whose Woods These Are, the history of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, this afternoon at approximately 5:30, on the lawn west of the theater. In case of rain it will be held in the Barn.

--A reminder that Vermont state law stipulates you can be served only one drink per customer, per visit to the bar. You must also wear footwear with matching socks.

--Blue Argo's favorite pen, a stunning Parker dotter ballpoint of blue & silver hues, and a veteran of three Writers' Conferences, is lost. She is suffering from separation anxiety. If you find it please return it to her ASAP, or leave it at the front desk.

WELCOME TO OUR WORD:

Tonight's exciting staff readings, at 9:30 in the theater, will present the literary talents of Blue Argo, Joel Peckham, Sarah Taylor, Ralph Sneed (Where are the Sneedens of yesteryear?), Kristen Lindquist, Lesley Dauer and Sheila McGrory-Klyza.

HOUSEKEEPING DUTIES:

The front desk reminds conference attendees that the telephone switchboard for receiving outside calls closes at 10:00pm, not 11:00pm as was erroneously reported in THE CRUMB yesterday (It was a typo, we swear!), and also that if you would like to have your bed made each day it must be clear of belongings.

A WRITER? AN ARTIST? SUCH TALENT!:

Extra special thanks to Molly Huddle for designing today's masthead, and to Dean Powers for today's cartoon!

THE MOO-COW IS A MOVABLE FEAST:



"A common scene in the Bread Loaf dining hall."

Q.O.D.:

There were several correct responses to yesterday's quote from John Berryman's Dream Songs. Both Brett Millier and Paul Mariani (a surprise entry) even guessed the correct Dream Song: #4. Kudos to them and to Bob Buckeye, and semi-kudos to Laurie Greco who had the author correct but not the work. Today's quote goes something like this:

"Verse was one of Miss Groby's delights because there was so much in both its form and content that could be counted. I believe she would have got an enormous thrill out of Wordsworth's famous lines about Lucy if they had been written this way:
A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when ninety-eight
Are shining in the sky."

* * * * *

The Book of the Dead Man (#23)

1. About the Dead Man and His Masks

When the dead man thinks himself exposed, he puts on a mask.

Thinking himself exposed, the dead man puts on a mask.

Before he needed a mask, he wore his medals on his chest and his heart on his sleeve.

The dead man wears the mask of tomfoolery, the mask of assimilation, the mask of erasure, the scarred mask, the teen mask, the mask with the built-in oh, the laughing mask, the crying mask, the secretive mask, the telltale mask, and of course the death mask.

The dead man's masks are as multifarious as the wiles of a spider left to work in the bushes.

To the dead man, a spider's web is also a mask, and he wears it.

The trail of a slug is a mask, and the vapors from underground fires are a mask, and the dead light of sunset is a mask, and the dead man wears each of them.

The dead man curtained off the world, now everything between them is a mask.

He weaves masks of sand and smoke, of refracted light and empty water. The dead man takes what the world discards: hair and bones, urine and blood, ashes and sewage.

The dead man, reconstituted, will not stay buried, reappearing in disguises that fool no one yet cast doubt.

He comes to the party wearing the face of this one or that one, scattering the shadows as he enters.

When there is no one face, no two faces, no fragility of disposition, no anticipation, no revelation at midnight, then naturally years pass without anyone guessing the identity of the dead man.

It is no longer known if the dead man was at the funeral.

Marvin Bell, from The Book of the Dead Man

The Crumb

AS SEEN ON TV!

Now Everyone Can Afford To Get Into Leather!

Vol. 68, no. 5

Saturday, August 21, 1993

"All the news that's
writ to hint."

Weather: Today--light;
Tonight--dark

EL HORARIO DE ACOUTECIMIENTOS:

- 9:00--Lecture: Jay Parini--"The Imagination of Politics"
- 10:10--Lecture: Linda Pastan--"Primal Landscapes"
- 11:20--Panel: Editors--David Godine, Richard Marek
- 2:00--Discussion Groups until 3:30 (same locations as Thursday)
- 4:30--Reading: Donald Justice
- 8:15--Reading: Hilma Wolitzer
- 9:30--Barn Dance Party

PLEASE TAKE NOTE:

A radio is missing from the children's club room at the east end of the barn. If you find it, please return it to the Secretary's Office.

Also, Angelya Hays has had a \$100 bill taken from her room some time in the last couple of days. The money was from a grant and was to go toward the purchase of books. If you would like to make a voluntary donation to help replace the missing money there is an envelope at the front desk for that purpose. All generosity will be greatly appreciated.

While these two items do not indicate a crime wave on campus, it may be prudent to remind conference attendees that they can take reasonable care to lessen the chance of theft. Don't leave valuables lying out in the open, even in your rooms. There are many events here where large segments of the campus population are gathered in one spot, leaving much of the rest of the campus relatively unattended, and we are located on a state highway with a fairly constant traffic flow. If you have small valuables or money that you are concerned about, the front desk can put them in the safe--just remember that you can only have access to them during desk hours. If you do find any valuables missing, please report it to the front desk immediately.

NOT SO LOW:

Things don't always fall apart. Blue Argo tells that her favorite pen, reported missing only yesterday, was returned to her in a prompt and gallant fashion, and is even now comfortably nestled in the warmth and safety of her pocket. THE CRUMB applauds the community spirit that allows such joyous reunions to occur.

WHAT IT IS:

Today's panel on editors features David R. Godine of David R. Godine Publishers, and Richard Marek, who has his own imprint at Crown Publishers. Both men are avid chess players, and are currently sixteen moves into a game which they play long-distance by alternating phone calls to each other, making one move per evening.

FOR THE BOON YOU NEED:

Due to energetic response, the open-conference poetry reading this Sunday in the Blue Parlor has been moved from 4:00pm to 3:30pm. It will last until all those desiring to read have been satisfied, or until the afternoon is spent.

VERBAL CAL-ISTHENICS:

The much-awaited Scholar Readings will take place in the Burgess Meredith Little Theater this Sunday and Monday evenings, approximately 15 minutes after the evening readings conclude (around 9:30pm). Don't miss what promises to be a pair of exhilarating events. (THE CRUMB wagers that the dining hall announcers won't be able to pronounce Jocelyn Bartkevicius's name properly the first time!)

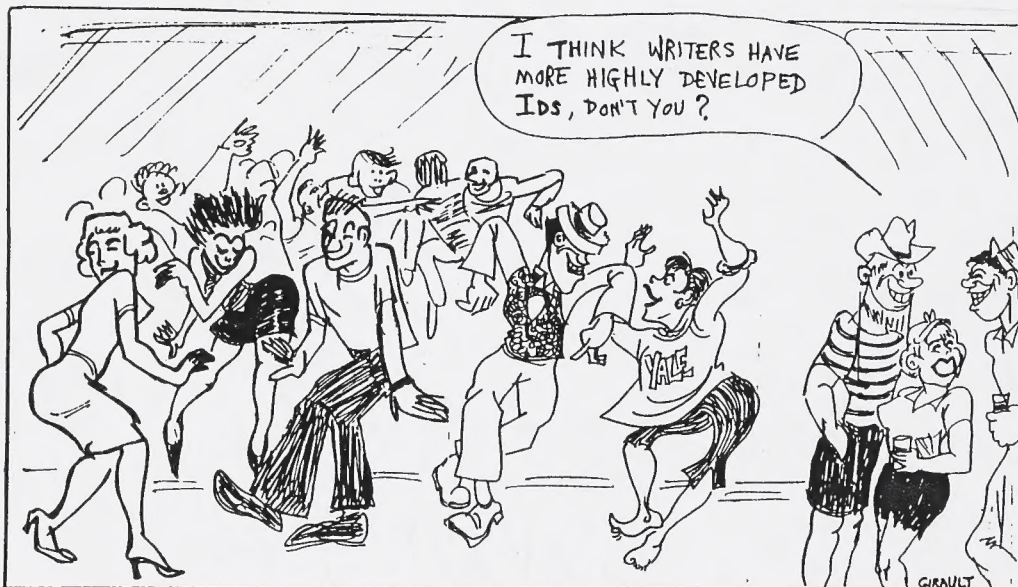
DON'T GET TICKED OFF:

Bread Loaf Naturalist-in-Residence Terry Tempest Williams gravely reports her concern that nature's darker forces may be at work: where there's woods, there's ticks, and where there's ticks, there's the possibility of Lyme disease. She suggests that if you begin to feel an overwhelming desire to drink cocktails made with tonic water you may be in the early stages of the disease, and that if little red bull's-eyes begin to appear,

either on your body or on the door of your room, you have a full-blown case and will need to remain in quarantine for twenty-four hours. In any case, please be careful: it's a forest out there.

CHECK YOUR ID AT THE DOOR:

If the thought of spending twenty-four hours in quarantine does not appeal to you, staff entomologist and cartoonist Norton Girault suggests an alternative curative. Come to the Barn after the evening reading and dance to the music of the most highly mounted pair of speakers in the state of Vermont. It's an old Indian cure.



For a quieter alternative, go to the Blue Parlor, where cups, ice and mixers will be available.

Q.O.D.:

NOBODY! Not one single person guessed the identity of yesterday's quote as being James Thurber from My World and Welcome To It. That's just dandy! Today's quote will seem particularly appropriate after midnight tonight:

"Bed, glasses off, and all's
ramshackle, streaky, weird
for the near-sighted, just
a foot away.

The light's
still on an instant. Here
are the blurred titles, here
the books are blue hills, browns,
greens, fields, or color."

* * * * *

Mrs. Snow

Busts of the great composers glimmered in niches,
Pale stars. Poor Mrs. Snow, who could forget her,
Counting the time out in that hushed falsetto?
(How early we begin to grasp what kitsch is!)
But when she loomed above us like an alp,
We little towns below could feel her shadow.
Somehow her nods of approval seemed to matter
More than the stray flakes drifting from her scalp.
Her etchings of ruins, her mass-production Mings
Were our first culture: she put us in awe of things.
And once, with her help, I composed a waltz,
Too innocent to be completely false,
Perhaps, but full of marvellous clichés.
She beamed and softened then.

Ah, those were the days.

--Donald Justice, from A Donald Justice Reader

Now Gil's bass man and pianist were coming down the stairs. We shook hands and they set up. In a little while, after some false starts, we were jamming. I took a solo on "Sweet Lorraine," playing it legato and low at first, working up to double time on a middle register. The others stayed with me all the way, and then, without breaking, we moved right into "Satin Doll." The bass and piano player--a dentist and a computer salesman in real life--worked very well together. And Gil had a nice lyrical style that was reminiscent of Dorsey's; he did some fancy flourishes that heated us all up. I kept thinking that there was nothing else in the world like this, like making music--the consuming concentration it took, and the rich, instant reward it gave back. If only marriage worked like that.

--Hilma Wolitzer, from Silver

The Crumb

Morning-after edition

Vol. 68, no. 6

Sunday, August 21, 1993

"Not much news
here to print."

Weather: None

PROGRAM DIENI:

- 10:00--Writers' Cramp Foot Race
- 2:00--Reading: David Haward Bain from Whose Woods These Are
- 4:30--Lecture: Lynne Sharon Schwartz--"Time Out to Translate"
- 8:15--Reading: Robert Pack
- 9:30--Readings: Scholars

THE REAL DEFECTOR FOUND:

Lynne Schwartz will be delivering a lecture today. Her reading will now be tomorrow at 11:20am, and the Mystery Reader will now read on Wednesday at 2:00pm.



STOP! IT'S HARD TO FOLLOW THE CHANGES:

The open poetry reading originally scheduled for 4:00pm in the Blue Parlor today will now be held at 3:30 in the Barn West Classroom.

TO BEEF OR NOT TO BEEF:

Flip a coin and make your Farewell Banquet Dinner request by 6:00pm today or you'll be served beef, like it or not.

HEADS OR TAILS?

If you've got your head together this morning then take your tail over to the start of the Writers' Cramp Foot Race between Annex and Cherry dorms at 10:00. Enter it. Pace yourself. The race is about 5K and prizes will be given!

DON'T MAKE AN EXIT:

The Scholars who will be reading in the theater after the evening reading tonight are: Sydney Landon Plum, Doug Martin, Jilla Smith, Jeff Mock, Wendy Rawlings, Kathleen Halme, Jocelyn Bartkevicius and Kevin Canty.

LEMME TELLYA 'BOUT MY KID:

Visiting faculty emeritus Ann Hood reports the birth of her son Sam on April 16, 1993 after only 1½ hours of labor. Destined to be a sailor, Sam weighed only 4½ pounds at birth because he had tied his umbilical chord in a sheep-shank. He's doing just fine now, and Ann is more than happy to show you stacks of photographs that she carries with her. Just smile and nod your head and she'll go away eventually.

Q.O.D.:

Only Sidney Burris correctly guessed that yesterday's quote was from Robert Lowell's "Myopia: A Night." Don't forget that submissions for the contest must be in the CRUMB mailbox by dinnertime, and the person with the most points at the end of the conference will receive an autographed copy of Robert Pack's new book of poetry: Fathering the Map. Today's quote is a convoluted bit of dialogue:

"I'm out of my step here--It's all over my depth--out of my head--over my step over my head body!--I tell you it's all stopping to a death, it's boding to a depth, stepping to a head, it's all heading to a dead stop--"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:

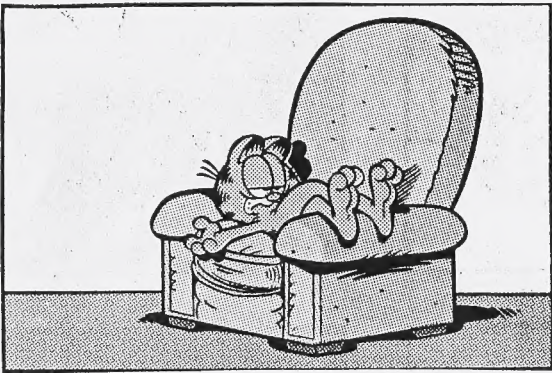
Thanks to Bess Huddle for her splendid masthead, Norton Girault for his splendid cartoon, and Ron Powers for continuing to plug away in a valiant series of efforts to get himself mentioned in THE CRUMB. Ron, this plug's for you.

* * * * *

It Comes to This

Chilled cricket calls rasp dwindling in the night;
dew smothers down the umber field;
mist rises from the sluggish streams; I watch the flight
of geese to the horizon's edge; I hold the yield
of eggplants, squash, sparse broccoli
and hear my own faint sigh diminishing
with no more ripeness left to hope for; not for me
new hope for newer hope; I bring
to bear the remnant life I've left behind.
And I know nothing that can make
This brooding quietude give bloom to dying there
in that depleted light, my mind,
if not hunched hemlocks shadowed in the lake
or one blue dragonfly suspended in the air.

--Robert Pack, from Fathering the Map



THE SUNDAY FUN PAGES!!!

WHERE'S WALDO?



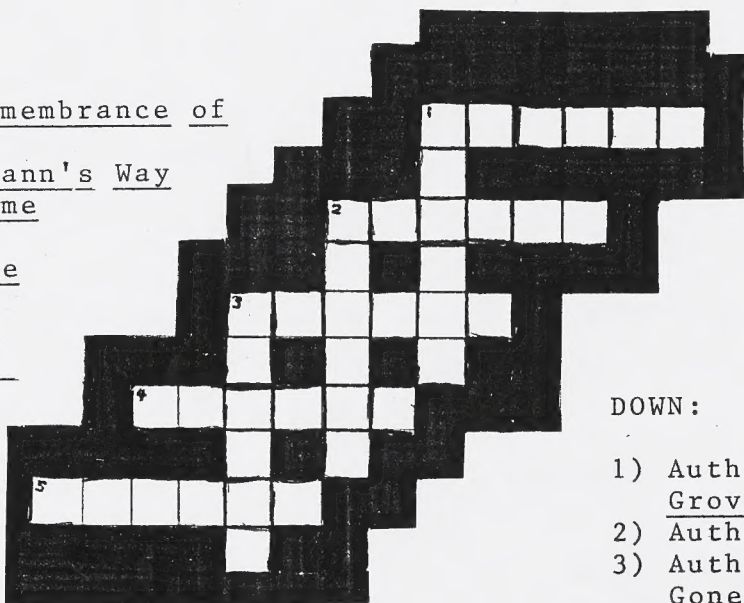
1928 Faculty: (rear) Sinclair Lewis, Stephen Vincent Benét, Grant Overton, Joseph Auslander, Wilfred Davison; (front) Robert M. Gay, Margaret Widdemer, John Farrar, Gorham Munson



The "I-can-never-finish-the-Times-Crossword-Puzzle" Crossword Puzzle:

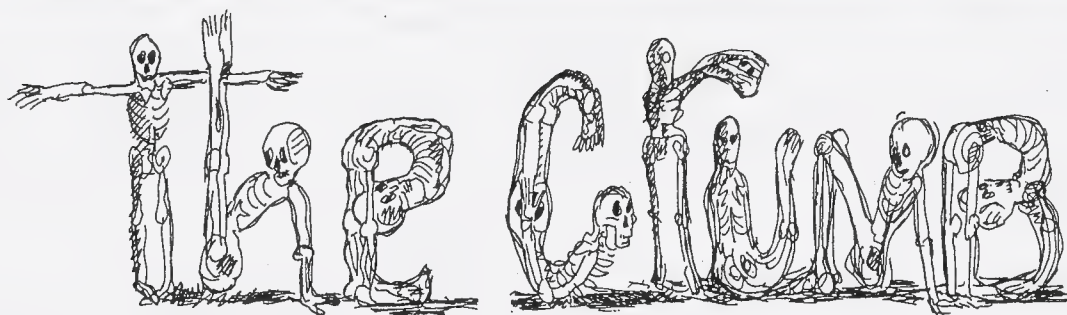
ACROSS:

- 1) Author of Remembrance of Things Past
- 2) Author of Swann's Way
- 3) Author of Time Regained
- 4) Author of The Germantes Way
- 5) Monty Python sketch: "Summarizing Contest"



DOWN:

- 1) Author of Within a Budding Grove
- 2) Author of The Captive
- 3) Author of The Sweet Cheat Gone



Vol. 68, no. 7

Monday, August 22, 1993

"All the screws
too loose to fit."

Weather: Light in August

SCHEDULIZATION:

- 9:00--Lecture: Paul Mariani--"A Fire-Breathing Catholic C.O."
10:10--Lecture: Nicholas Delbanco--"Travel, Death and Art"
11:20--Reading: Lynne Sharon Schwartz
2:00--Fellows Reading: Alice Jones, Geoffrey Douglas, Elizabeth Dewberry Vaughn
3:10--Panel: Magazines--Richard Jackson, Hilda Raz, Stanley Lindberg, David Huddle
4:30--Readings: Larry Brown
Terry Tempest Williams
8:15--Reading: Ron Powers
9:30--Readings: Scholars

CLARIFICATION:

It has come to the attention of THE CRUMB that there are persons on campus who have been concerned about the proliferation of little red bull's eyes that appeared on random doors sometime on Saturday. Do not worry--they were not targets; they were merely an escalation of the Lyme disease notice in Saturday's CRUMB, directed at no particular individuals, and designed only to encourage people to attend the dance as a method of combatting an alleged epidemic. There was no sinister intent. On the other hand, if you are walking about the Bread Loaf campus of an August evening and see your name inscribed in blazing red letters across the heavens, you may have cause for concern.

EMENDATION:

The mystery guest originally scheduled for today will appear on Wednesday at 2:00pm, and in his/her place Lynne Sharon Schwartz will be reading today at 11:20am.

CONFIRMATION:

The second Scholars Reading originally scheduled for 9:30 this evening will occur as planned ("And there was much rejoicing!"). Tonight's noteworthy speakers will be Tina Barr, Scott Lax, Cecile Goding, Rebecca McClanahan, Sally Thomas, Tom Piazza, Deborah DeNichola and Marianne Villanueva.

EDIFICATION:

Today's panel on magazines will feature Rick Jackson of Poetry Miscellany, Hilda Raz of Prairie Schooner, Stanley Lindberg of The Georgia Review and David Huddle of The New England Review. Their panel discussion will no doubt feature an opportunity for questions from the audience. After, they will adjourn to the Barn for their much-anticipated annual tribute to Peter, Paul and Mary. Don't miss it!

FAXATION:

From the Bread Loaf FAX machine we receive the following message:

"Wendy Lamb, an editor of children's books at Bantam Doubleday Dell, is looking for fiction and non-fiction manuscripts for ages 3-18. Please include a cover letter that mentions your Bread Loaf connection, and send manuscripts to:

Wendy Lamb
BFYR--Bantam Doubleday Dell
1540 Broadway--20th floor
New York, NY 10036
(212) 702-7062"

EMIGRATION:

The innkeepers ask that if your travel plans have changed since you sent in your arrival/departure form, please fill in the attached form and drop it off at the front desk immediately. Departure sheets will be posted today, with changes made as necessary. There will be no rides to the bus station after 11:30am on Sunday--that's the last ride into Middlebury. You are responsible for getting your own luggage to the front porch of the Inn for departure. If you are providing your own transportation, you don't need to fill out the form:

I need transportation on Friday/Saturday/Sunday (circle one). Please arrange the following

- 1) A ride in the van to the bus station in Middlebury for a _____ am/pm bus.
- 2) A taxi to the Burlington Airport to catch a _____ am/pm flight.

Signed (your name here) _____

VERSIFICATION:

THE CRUMB proudly announces the First Annual Double Dactyl contest. Newcomers and old hands alike are welcome to try their versification skills on that most mysterious of poetic forms. A reminder of the form: two four-line stanzas of double dactylic meter, with the last line of each stanza truncated and rhyming; the first line must be a nonsense phrase, the second line must be a name, and the sixth line must be one word. Confused? Here are a couple of examples:

Higgledy Piggledy
Ludwig von Beethoven,
Bored with requests for some
Music to hum.

Money-lust, money-lust,
Thomas Stearns Eliot,
Drove you to London where
Culture abounds.

Finally answered with
Oversimplicity:
"Here's my Fifth Symphony--
DUH DUH DUH DUM!"

You squeezed The Waste Land out
Analerotically,
Your turgid references
Making you Pounds.

--Anonymous

--Robert Pack

Entries will be accepted until Wednesday (dinnertime) in the CRUMB mailbox, and a panel of distinguished judges will ponder their merits. The winning poem will be published in the CRUMB, and as if that weren't reward enough, the poet will also receive a dandy "I got Wetzelsuchted at Bread Loaf" t-shirt. (Note the pun in the second example--a blatant example of a poet who's been Witzelsuchted.)

ILLUMINATION:

Tonight, around dinnertime, you may pick up materials for tomorrow's workshops in the hallway outside the Secretary's Office. This practice will continue for all subsequent workshops. Workshops are open to the whole community, but you can only attend one at a time, so please take the materials for only one, and be prepared to discuss it in workshop. Anyone caught with multiple workshop materials, or found unable to discuss them intelligently, will be stoned. Workshop locations are as follows:

Mariani/Pack--Barn 1

Wolitzer--Barn 4

Bell--Barn 2

Prose--Barn 6

Parini--Barn 3

Justice--Barn West

MASTICATION:

Conference attendees are gently reminded that the wait staff are all writers on scholarship who would very much like to attend events that follow meals. If you linger over your meal it makes it difficult for them to do so. Please feel free to carry your mealtime conversations outside of the dining room in a timely manner so that these fine individuals who work so hard for us are able to reap the full benefits of their Bread Loaf experience.

CONTESTATION:

Here are the results of yesterday's Writers' Cramp Foot Race:
First Place Overall: Doug Hood (Fiction, of course), time--18:38
First Place (Poetry): Pav Mollomo First Place (Non-fiction): Larry Anderson
First Place (Woman): Jamie Fitzgerald (Again, fiction)
"The Road Less Travelled" Award: Andrew Zawacki (for taking a wrong turn)

GRATIFICATION:

Special thanks to the anonymous artist who contributed today's masthead.

Q.O.D.-ATION:

Once again the quote was a stumper--yesterday's was from Tom Stoppard's play Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead. Okay, just to see if anyone's awake out there, today's quote has no clues:

"Call me Ishmael."

* * * * *

An even greater postwar novelty than contact lenses was television, that most powerful lens. People regarded it as dwarf movies, and it was viewed in the dark. We were among the last on our block to succumb, and our living room took on a perpetual gloom, a cloak of grief. Farewell to light. We lived--all of Brooklyn did--like cave families who sat around sighing in the dark until the accidental discovery of fire.

--Lynne Sharon Schwartz, from Leaving Brooklyn

Her griefs had taken her to darker places of the spirit than her husband could probably imagine. So much willingly given to Jim; so much taken. She came to believe there was a curious divinity in all of it: all these things given to Jim in sacrifice. Cheryl's story given in sacrifice. All the kid's lives, one way or another as the years went on, given in sacrifice. She didn't know that in some ways her life wasn't given in sacrifice.

But in many ways it was true of Jim, too: his life was given in sacrifice. That was the nature of the divine work he was doing; it demanded sacrifice. And by "divine," she did not necessarily mean, "good."

No. "Divine" as in relation to the gods. Not God. The world of the gods. Olympia. Or Hades. The world of the gods was not necessarily a good world. But it was more powerful than the world of one man. And it was demanding beyond the demands of one's own world as a man, a human.

The Muppets had touched against that world; they had partly entered it. But now, as Jim began to work in this enveloping realm of "The Dark Crystal," he had intruded into it more clearly. He was in it. And was sacrificed to it. And those lives around him--sacrificed to it. Everything human was sacrificed to the world of the gods.

--Ron Powers, from The Lover, the Dreamer: The Life and Lives of Jim Henson

The

CRUMB

Vol. 68, no. 8

Tuesday, August 24, 1993

"No news is good news."

Weather: Dark and stormy nights

IL PROGRAMME DELLA GIORNI:

9:00--Workshops: Mariani/Pack--Barn 1
Bell--Barn 2
Parini--Barn 3

Wolitzer--Barn 4
Prose--Barn 6
Justice--Barn West

11:15--Fellows Reading: Margaret Lloyd, John Dufresne, Sharon Oard Warner

2:00--Lecture: Marvin Bell--"It's All an If"

3:10--Literary Agent: Virginia Barber

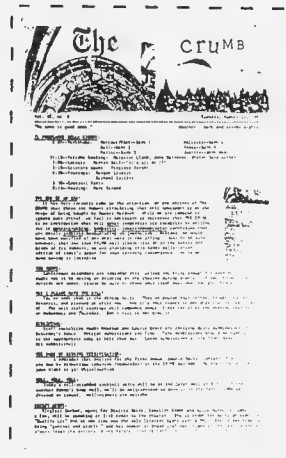
4:30--Readings: Margot Livesey
Michael Collier

5:30--Cocktail Party

8:15--Reading: Mark Strand

THE END OF AN ERA?

It has very recently come to the attention of the editors of THE CRUMB that there are rumors circulating that this newspaper is on the verge of being bought by Rupert Murdoch. While we are tempted to ignore such drivel, we feel it necessary to reiterate that THE CRUMB is an institution that will never jeopardize its integrity by selling out to money-grubbing, bombastic, lowest-denominator techniques that are merely gimmicks masquerading as journalism. Besides, we would have been notified if any deal were in the offing. Just to be sure, however, that the true CRUMB will always live on in the hearts and minds of its readers, we are providing this handy wallet-sized edition of today's paper for your carrying convenience. We recommend having it laminated.



TOO MERRY:

Conference attendees are reminded that, unless you bring enough for everyone, you ought not to be eating or drinking in the theater during events. If you choose to sit outside and snack, please be sure to throw your trash away when you are through.

MAY I PLEASE HAVE THE BILL?

You've seen them in the dining halls. They've poured your coffee, brought you extra desserts, and cleaned up after you. Now it's your chance to see what they're really made of. The wait staff readings will commence about 15 minutes after the evening readings on Wednesday and Thursday. Don't fail to not miss it!

SUBLIMINAL:

Staff socialites Woody Woodsum and Laurie Greco are inviting music submissions for Saturday's dance. Written submissions are fine. Tape submissions should be cued up to the appropriate song to help them out. Leave submissions at the front desk. Act submissively.

THE PAGE OF HISSING VERSIFICATION:

A reminder that entries for the First Annual Double Dactyl contest (F.A.D.D.) are due by dinnertime tomorrow (Wednesday) in the CRUMB mailbox. Be the first kid on your block to get Witzelsuchted.

WELL, WELL, WELL:

Today's well-attended cocktail party will be at the Larch Well at 5:30. If the weather doesn't bode well, we'll be well-advised to move it to the Barn. Come well-dressed or casual. Well-wishers are welcome.

SECRET AGENT:

Virginia Barber, agent for Dinitia Smith, Rosellen Brown and Alice Munro, to name but a few, will be speaking at 3:10 today in the theater. She is known for being an agent for "Quality Lit" and at one time was the only literary agent with a PhD. She is described as being "genteel and steely," and has spoken at Bread Loaf many times in the past, where she always leads the Writers' Block Parade, tossing handfuls of candy to the cheering throngs.

DO THE RIGHT THING:

Stanley Lindberg will speak on the topic of copyrights tonight at 7:30 in the theater.

CANDID PHOTOGRAPHS (NUDGE, NUDGE):

Conference photos will be taken today, weather permitting. Faculty, fellows and administrators photos will be at Treman at 12:45pm (before lunch). Scholars and waiters will be on the Inn West Lawn after the picnic; look for David Bain near the theater at about 1:45. If he isn't there, wait exactly five minutes, then begin synchronized group exercises on your own.

GRAZIA:

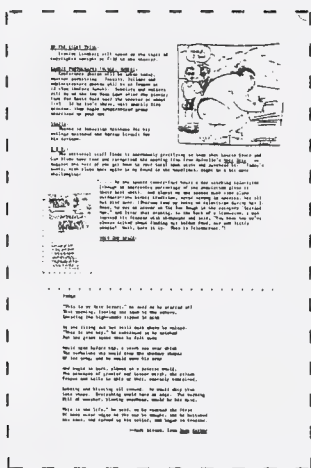
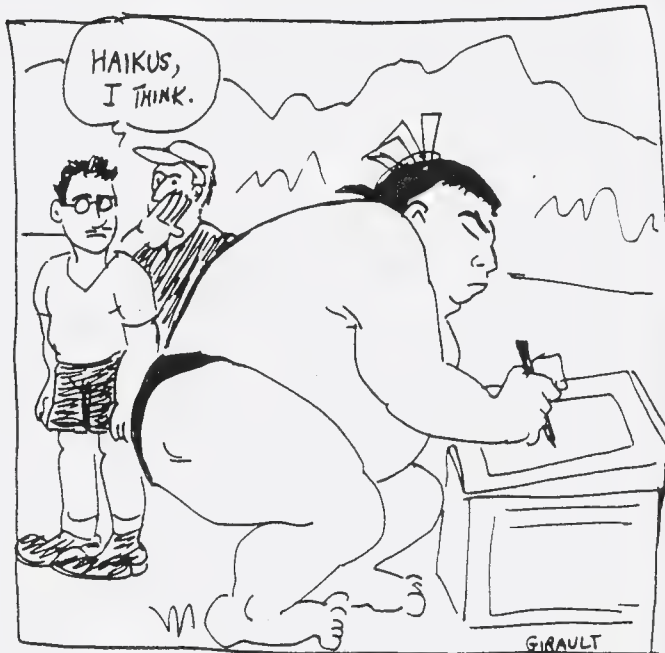
Thanks to Sebastian Matthews for his collage masthead and Norton Girault for his cartoon.

Q.O.D.:

The editorial staff finds it enormously gratifying to know that Laurie Greco and Len Slade have read and recognized the opening line from Melville's Moby Dick. We suggest the rest of you get down to your local book store and purchase it.. Today's quote, with clues once again to be found in the headlines, might be a bit more challenging:

". . . No one spends twenty-four hours a day watching television (though an impressive percentage of the population gives it their best shot). And almost no one spends much time alone outdoors--the hermit tradition, never strong in America, has all but died away. (Thoreau came up twice on television during May 3. Once, he was an answer on Tic Tac Dough in the category "Bearded Men," and later that evening, in the back of a limousine, a man toasted his fiancée with champagne and said, "You know how we've always talked about finding our Walden Pond, our own little utopia? Well, here it is. This is Falconcrest.")

YOUR OWN SPACE:



* * * * *

PROEM

"This is my Main Street," he said as he started off
That morning, leaving the town to the others,
Entering the high-woods tipped in pink

By the rising sun but still dark where he walked.
"This is the way," he continued as he watched
For the great space that he felt sure

Would open before him, a stark sea over which
The turbulent sky would drop the shadowy shapes
Of its song, and he would move his arms

And begin to mark, almost as a painter would,
The passages of greater and lesser worth, the silken
Tropes and calls to this or that, coarsely conceived,

Echoing and blasting all around. He would whip them
Into shape. Everything would have an edge. The burning
Will of weather, blowing overhead, would be his muse.

This is the life," he said, as he reached the first
Of many outer edges to the sea he sought, and he buttoned
His coat, and turned up his collar, and began to breathe.

--Mark Strand, from Dark Harbor

Wednesday, August 25, 1993
Vol. 1, no. 1

THE enquiring CRUMP

"We swear, it's all true!"

Weather: Fire & brimstone

FREE! OVER \$4,000 PRIZES AND GIFTS INSIDE

TODAY'S SCANDAL:

9:00--Workshops: Strand--Barn 1 Huddle--Barn 4
 Delbanco--Barn 2 Willard--Barn 6
 Powers--Barn 3 Pastan--Barn West
 11:15--Fellows Reading: Wally Lamb, Brett Millier, Harry Brody
 2:00--Mystery Guest???

3:10--Lecture: David Huddle--"Messages From the Margins:
 A Quartet and a Meditation"

4:30--Readings: Antonya Nelson
 Sharon Sheehe Stark

8:15--Reading: Francine Prose

9:30--Waiter Readings

Publisher's Note: I've made some minor format and editorial improvements.
 I hope you like them. --Rupert

DOUBLE DACTYL DODGE, SON:

This is the final notice for the First Annual Double Dactyl contest; all entries are due in the CRUMP mailbox by dinnertime this evening. We have several entries already but there are clearly a few poets out there who find the form intimidating. Don't be shy. The prize is \$4000 or a t-shirt.

AN UN-READING?:

This is it!! The mystery guest will appear today at 2:00 in the theater. All those who attend will be automatically registered for the raffle, which will be drawn after the reading, to spend the night at Graceland.

CONFIDENTIAL

Make All Your Dreams Come True

*Elvis superfan
worshiped him
for seven years
— locked up
in her home!*

JUST DO IT:

Don't forget to check the CRUMP each day for the latest scandalous workshops, and then pick up the juicy reading assignments the night before outside the Secretary's office (We wonder what's going on inside that office!). Tomorrow's sizzling workshops will be: Bell, Mariani/Pack, Schwartz, Wolitzer and Prose.

GOSSIP, GOSSIP, GOSSIP!:

Tonight's the night you find out just how they got into these positions. That's right, the

★ **LIVE** ★
PSYCHICS!
ONE-ON-ONE!

following waiters will be reading from their provocative manuscripts after the evening reading (around 9:30): Alexandra Shelley, Andrew Zanacki, Julie Abbruscato, James Kimbrell, Jacqueline Oller, Ted Howard, Kathleen Flaherty, Kirstin Smith, Sam Chang, Dawn Corrigan, Elwood Reid, Margaret MacKinnon, and Michael Carragher.

PANIC!:

Today is your last chance!

If you haven't signed up for a taxi ride, either to the

bus station or the airport, by today then you'll be stuck here . FOREVER!

DIAL-A-CURE!

Psychic surgeon uses a phone instead of a scalpel

**MORE THAN
50% OFF**

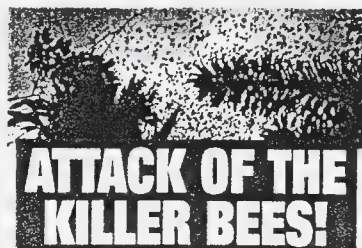
TALKING OF MANY THINGS:

You may order lectures by the following faculty members for the cut-rate price of \$2.50 per lecture, through the Secretary's office: Bell, Delbanco, Pack (lecture and opening remarks), Powers, Strand, Willard,

Wolitzer. Parini, Prose and Schwartz are still up in the air, and Huddle claims they'll be handed out at his lecture. Mariani, Justice and Pastan won't be available and won't tell us why. What are they hiding?

EAT ME, DRINK ME:

The dining room doors are open for fifteen minutes at lunch and dinner, then they are closed. Late diners not only run a severe risk of not being fed, but some will randomly be stuck in a room full of VICIOUS KILLER BEES!!!



AND THIS MEANS YOU TOO, CAROL:

**Andrea Doria
has claimed
a new victim**

David Bain reminds the scatterbrained administrative staff that since they missed their photo op yesterday he'll try it one more time today. In case you aren't sure, you are administrative staff if you are: social staff, secretarial staff, bookstore staff, Greco, head-waiters, librarians or CRUMP editor. Be at Treman at 12:45 or you'll be dumped in the North Atlantic.

DON'T GET TAKEN FOR A RIDE:

Steve Schwartz and Margot Livesey will meet with anybody interested in the Warren Wilson College low-residency MFA program today at 12:20 in the Blue Parlor. If they ask you to write them a check for a deposit, beware! They are notorious con artists (Margot is from New Jersey. You didn't think that was a real accent, did you?).

Movie hunk & actress hired me for kinky threesome

JFK'S FIRST WIFE

**SHOCKING
SECRET JACKIE
NEVER TOLD
HER KIDS**

PARTY! PARTY! PARTY!:

The crazy mad-cap gentlemen of Gilmore would like to invite anybody who wants to have a good time on up to their dorm after the evening reading for some general debauchery. Bring your own beverages. A fire will be provided, and they have registered with Campus Security so ritual Druid sacrifices may occur.



Nagging won't get hubby moving — gentle persuasion might

Q.O.D.:

Poor, naive Hilma Wolitzer thought yesterday's quote was by Ron Powers. She couldn't have been more wrong. Ron admitted, when pressed, that the real author was/is Bill McKibben, from his amazing book The Age of Missing Information. (THE

CRUMP highly recommends it). With this admission Powers confirmed his reputation for scrupulous integrity and virtually guaranteed he'll never be hired to work for this periodical. Try today's quote; we wonder if you'll get it:

*A boat, beneath a sunny sky
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July—*

*Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear—*

*Long has faded that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die:
Autumn frosts have slain July.*

"And this is the attic," Mrs. Porter said, "where supposedly my husband's ancestors hid out during the Civil War. They'd heard rumors that the Confederate navy was sailing up the Hudson. Of course by then the Porters had already been inbreeding for several generations past the point of total genetic depletion."

Why was Mrs. Porter taking Simone on this needlessly thorough tour of her mansion, volunteering personal and historic details Simone would never need, visiting places her duties would never take her, such as, Simone hoped, the attic? You'd think Simone was buying the house instead of wanting to come and work there, applying for a job as a cook and caregiver for Mrs. Porter's two children--two bright little spirits, their mother said, who lately seemed slightly dejected.

--Francine Prose, from Primitive People

REAL-LIFE JURASSIC PARK



**A moo-ving
experience as
the image of
Christ appears
on a Guernsey**

**THE DAY
I LEFT MY
BODY &
WENT TO
HEAVEN**

**Amazing New Diet Pill
Works Without Dieting**



Vol. 68, no. 10

Thursday, August 26, 1993

"Straight news edition:
After yesterday, what else
could we do?

Yesterday's weather: 'Twas brillig

KYO NO SUKEDURU:

9:00--Workshops:

Bell--Barn 1

Prose--Barn 6

Schwartz--Barn 2

Strand--Barn West

Wolitzer--Barn 3

11:15--Fellows Reading: Gerard Donovan, Debra Monroe, Sidney Burris

2:00--Lecture: Ron Powers--"The Writer in the Age of the Gun"

3:10--Panel: Nature/Environment--John Elder, Robert Finch, Terry Tempest Williams

4:30--Reading: Pinckney Benedict

Jean Nordhaus

8:15--Reading: Nancy Willard

9:30--Waiter Readings

A GRATEFUL ANGLE:

Angelyn Hays would like to express her gratitude to everyone who contributed to replace the money she had taken from her room last week.

NIGHT, MA; NIGHT, PA:

The dynamic waiter readings continue tonight, after the evening reading (around 9:30), with the sultry sounds of: Mark Mariani, Elizabeth Mosier, Graham Lewis, Vendela Vida, Craig Arnold, Molly Freeman, Vikram Kapur, Sandy Yannone, Paul Foley, Jennifer Gilmore, Tim Fisher, Angelyn Hays, Todd Smith and Elissa Schappel.

IZ IT SO?

Tomorrow's workshops will be: Delbanco, Willard, Powers, Huddle and Pastan. Materials will be available around dinnertime tonight.

PISCATOR, VENATOR, AUCEPS:

Today's panel on nature/environment will feature John Elder and Robert Finch, editors of the Norton Anthology of Nature Writing, and Terry Tempest Williams, author of Refuge and Coyote's Canyon.

PUSHERS OF PEN:

Special thanks to Nancy Willard, for today's masthead, and Norton, for today's cartoon.

COMPLEAT REMINDERS:

--As is the custom at Bread Loaf, tips for the wait staff and the housekeeping staff should be left at the front desk. Please include your room and building with your housekeeping tips.

--Don't forget to check the list at the front desk for departure times if you're taking a taxi to either the bus station or the airport. Also, please let the front desk know if you're leaving early, so the meal numbers can be adjusted, and an address list can be mailed to you.

--If you want to order lecture copies, at \$2.50 per, please do so by 5:00pm today. Otherwise they may not be ready before you leave.

--If you would like to order photos of faculty, fellows, scholars, waiters and/or administrative staff you may do so in the Secretary's office. Photos are \$6.00 apiece and will be mailed to you in late October.



Q.O.D.:

"Poor, naive" Hilma Wolitzer bounced right back and was the only person to guess yesterday's quote was from Lewis Carroll's Through the Looking Glass. Today's quote is extraordinarily difficult, and the CRUMB editors will heap extraordinary praise on anyone who guesses it. There are clues in every headline (except the schedule). By the way, tomorrow's quote will be the last one, so we can announce the winner of the contest in Saturday's CRUMB. We'll also be announcing the winner of the First Annual Double Dactyl contest tomorrow:

"...doubt not therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice."

* * * * *

The crash of a window opening and slamming shut in the storm woke Jessie. Overhead, Mrs. Trimble bustled about in Sam's room and locked the window. Too late.

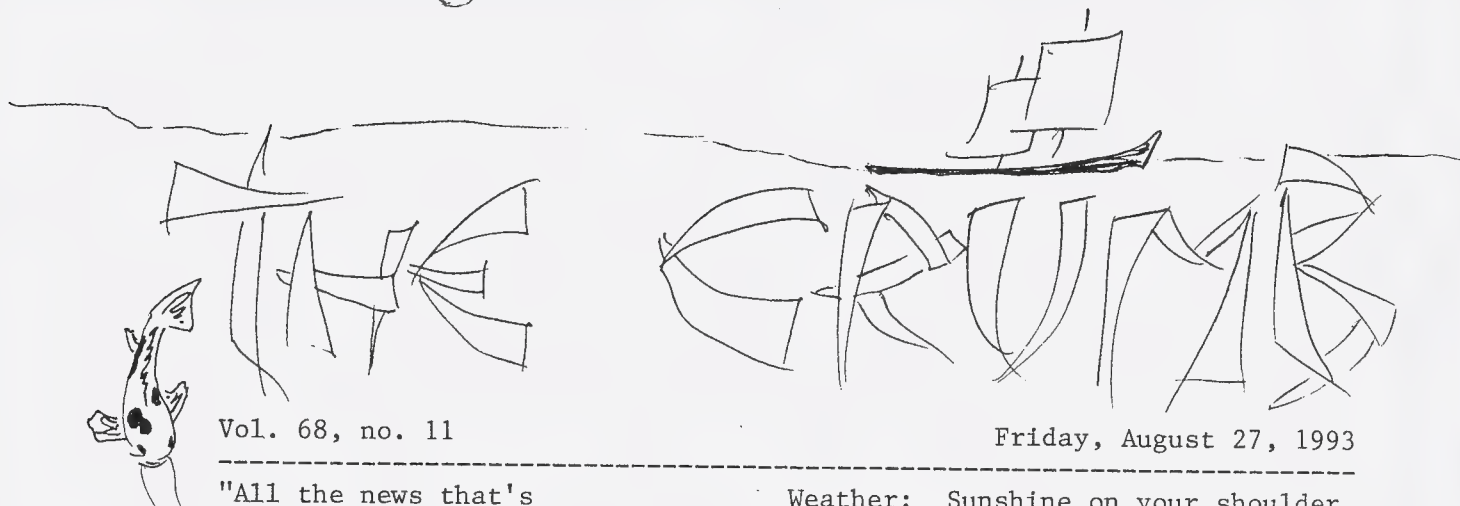
The angel at the foot of her bed was as magnificent as he had been at her first sight of him when she lay hidden in the cellar of the house where she was born. His hawk's head did not frighten her; she knew it hid his true face, and she remembered the glass of water left at her bedside during that other storm.

"I leave to children exclusively," whispered the angel in a voice of infinite sweetness, "but only for the life of their childhood, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles."

"Why, I know those words!" exclaimed Jessie.

"Appropriate, don't you think?" murmured the angel. "We try to make the departures a little special."

--Nancy Willard, from Sister Water



Vol. 68, no. 11

Friday, August 27, 1993

"All the news that's
throwing a fit."

Weather: Sunshine on your shoulder.

A MAI PROGRAMA:

9:00--Workshops: Willard--Barn 1 Huddle--Barn 6
Powers--Barn 2 Strand--Barn West
Delbanco--Barn 3
11:15--Fellows Reading: Paul Kafka, Marly Swick, Steve Kronen
2:00--Panel: Biography--David Nasaw, Ron Powers, John McCardell, Robert Houston,
Jay Parini, Paul Mariani
4:00--Readings: Helen Schulman
Steven Schwartz
5:00--Gala Cocktail Party
8:15--Reading: Jay Parini

HONEST EDITOR:

All right! I did it! I admit it! I put the wrong workshops in yesterday's schedule! That's right--me! But I have an excuse . . . I haven't been getting enough sleep! Yeah, that's it! And the sun was glaring in my eyes . . . and the submission wasn't written clearly. Yeah! Plus, my mother called just as I was writing the schedule . . . she told me to do it! Yeah! So it wasn't really my fault at all . . . !

REALLY! I WOULDN'T LIE!

Tomorrow's workshops--the last day of them --will be Justice, Pastan, Parini and Schwartz. Promise!

PRESIDENTIAL MATERIAL:

Robert Frost did it; now you can do it too! That's right--if you play in the big poets versus proseurs softball game at 2:00 on Saturday then you too will be invited to recite from your work at a presidential inauguration. Think of the fun you'll have!



THEY'D WALK MILES TO RETURN YOUR VALUABLES:

If you've lost any tangible belongings during the conference, there's a good chance that they've found their way to the overflowing lost & found box at the front desk. Also, if you're planning to cash any checks before you leave Bread Loaf, the front desk strongly suggests you do so early (like today) because they will in all likelihood run out of cash this weekend. And don't forget to check the ride board if you are taking a taxi to the bus station or airport.

PRETTY BIG ADDRESSES:

The lectures are in! The lectures are in! You may pay for any lecture copies you've ordered and pick them up today! This is a happy day!

IT'S NOT A LOG CABIN, BUT IT'S HOME:

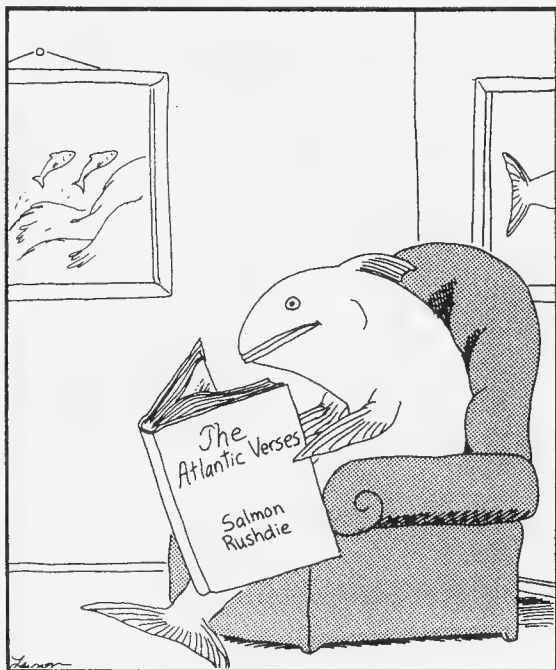
The wait staff and housekeeping staff would like to thank all conference attendees in advance for their generous tips. They would like to pass along that they have never served a group of people who are more forthcoming, intelligent, well-read, attractive, refined, courteous, impeccably dressed, and generally superior. Tips may be left at the front desk (please put your dorm and room number on the housekeeping tips).

APPRECIATION PROCLAMATION:

Thanks to Peter Newton for today's masthead.

LATE SCOOP:

If you go to the bookstore between now and noon on Saturday, and are really nice to Jennifer, Muffy and Sarah, you might be able to talk them into giving you 20% off nearly every book in the store (except Whose Woods These Are, but can you really put a price on history?).



ANOTHER BIG MAN:

Today's panel on biography, at 2:00 in the theater, boasts the starting lineup of: At center, John McCardell, President of Middlebury College, historian, and author of The Idea of a Southern Nation. At power forward, Ron Powers, author of the forthcoming biography The Lover, The Dreamer: The Life and Lives of Jim Henson. At forward, David Nasaw, author of Going Out: The Rise and Fall of Public Amusements (coming out this November) and a forthcoming biography of William Randolph Hearst. The guards are Jay Parini, recently returned from two seasons in the Italian leagues, and author of the historical novel The Last Station, and Bob Houston, author of Bisbee '17, The Nation Thief, and owner of a deadly outside shot. Coming off the bench will be Paul Mariani, biographer of William Carlos Williams, John Berryman, and Robert Lowell. After the panel this sixsome will be playing the Bread Loaf All-Stars in a rematch of last year's game. For those who remember last year's melee in which Powers and Bob Reiss were ejected for mixing their metaphors and throwing insults, the referees have promised not to let things get out of hand this time around.

ASKING FOR YOUR SUPPORT:

Pick of the week: THE CRUMB lifestyles editor highly recommends the following agenda for this afternoon: After the biography panel, go back to your room and dress for the cocktail party. Then attend the reading of Helen Schulman and Steve Schwartz, at its new and improved time of 4:00, where you'll be elevated to heights of literary bliss you had previously thought unattainable. Afterwards, you may then float over to the Gala Cocktail Party which will also be beginning ½ hour early, at 5:00. In the event of inclement weather the cocktail party will be held in the Barn.

A CLOSE RACE:

Well, after long deliberations, our panel of experts has chosen the most perfect, most sublime entry as the winner of the First Annual Double Dactyl Contest (not to be confused with the Marvin Bell Look-Alike Contest). Mary Helen Snyder, you may stop by the bookstore any time to pick up your "I Got WITZELSUCHTED at Bread Loaf" t-shirt for this little gem:

Bull's pizzle, bull's pizzle,
Emily Dickinson
Said she was Nobody
Unlike a frog;

Said it so well that it
Counterproductively
Earned her a permanent
Marveling bog.

IZAAK'S FATHER WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD:

Wow! Nothing like underestimating your readership! It seems that the following literate giants recognized the literary giant Izaak Walton and his The Compleat Angler as yesterday's quote: Laurie Greco, Hilma Wolitzer, Lynne Schwartz, Sidney Burris, Carl Blumenthal, Tom Piazza, Sydney Landon Plum and Bob Finch. THE CRUMB is humbled and impressed before your collective greatness. This is it! Last quote, with the winner to be determined tomorrow and announced in tomorrow's CRUMB. Clues are in nearly every headline:

To Rosa —

You are young, and I am older;
You are hopeful, I am not —
Enjoy life, ere it grow colder —
Pluck the roses ere they rot.

Teach your beau to heed the lay —
That sunshine soon is lost in shade —
That *now's* as good as any day —
To take thee, Rosa, ere she fade.

* * * * *

STARS FALLING

Fire-flakes, flints: the same old stars
still fiery in the unredemptive sky,
the silvery and hopeless midnight sky
that feels like home from here to Mars,
then gradually grows foreign into stars
we hardly recognize, that fill the eye
with lofty gleanings we ineptly scry
by framing legends of unending wars.

There is some comfort in the way they sprawl,
their vast composure in the cold and careless
spaces that absorb them as they fall,
their dwindling into dark with less and less
of anything a witness might recall,
the ease of their becoming homelessness.

Jay Parini

THE

crumb

(Commercially successful edition)

Saturday, August 28, 1993
Vol., 68, no. 12
Weather: Whatever you
want it to be.

Because you have a distinct view of the world.

**These are a few of
our favorite things.**

9:00--Workshops: Justice--Barn 1 Pastan--Barn 6
Parini--Barn 2 Schwartz--Barn West
11:15--Fellows Reading: Michael White, Anne Matthews, Timothy Liu
2:00--Panel: Closure
6:30--Farewell Banquet
8:15--Reading: Paul Mariani
9:30--Barn Dance

**You work as a team.
You succeed as a team.**

Softball: 2:00pm today on the field east of the parking lot. Just do it.

"We Didn't Invent Service, We Perfected It."

Tips for the wait staff and housekeepers are being graciously received at the front desk. Just donate.

Welcome to the next phase of your life.

Here are the prerequisites.

The front desk will not be making any more taxi changes or reservations. If you need to do so you must make your own arrangements. Just make it.

YOU JUST CAN'T TAKE OFF WHENEVER YOU FEEL LIKE IT.

Please be sure to be out of your room by noon on Sunday. Maintenance and housekeeping need to prepare the campus for a Monday event. Just beat it.

**If a CLOSURE PANEL could be sexy,
this one would bring out the Vice Squad.**

Today's panel on closure will feature Robert Pack, Paul Mariani, Dinitia Smith and Larry Brown. Just attend it.

Coming soon to a theatre near you.

Bob Reiss is looking for a title for his new novel about airplanes. He hates the one his publisher wants. If you have any aerodynamic inspiration, see him before lunchtime. Just name it.

This One's Something Special

Tonight's Farewell Banquet will commence at the normal dinnertime. You may want to dress up for it, if you so desire. Remember, if you didn't turn in a meal order earlier in the conference, you'll be receiving beef. Just eat it

The Perfect Frozen Asset.

Your Own Rhythm.

The ultimate Barn Dance will commence tonight shortly after the evening reading. It promises to be a bacchanalian festivity of epic proportions. Just hoof it.

GET OUT WHILE YOU CAN.

What's going on around here? The editors take a half-day off for some R & R and all hell breaks loose! Monks chanting in the dining hall? The Loaf According to Kafka (with visual aids)? The Grateful Bread playing "Wild Thing" in concert? Don't you people have any sense of decorum?

The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

Well, there was never really any doubt: Laurie Greco outdistanced the field from the very first day of the mystery quote contest. She and Dick Gabriel correctly guessed Abraham Lincoln as the perpetrator of yesterday's quote. For scoring the most points, Laurie has scored for herself an autographed copy of Bob Pack's Fathering the Map. Just read it.

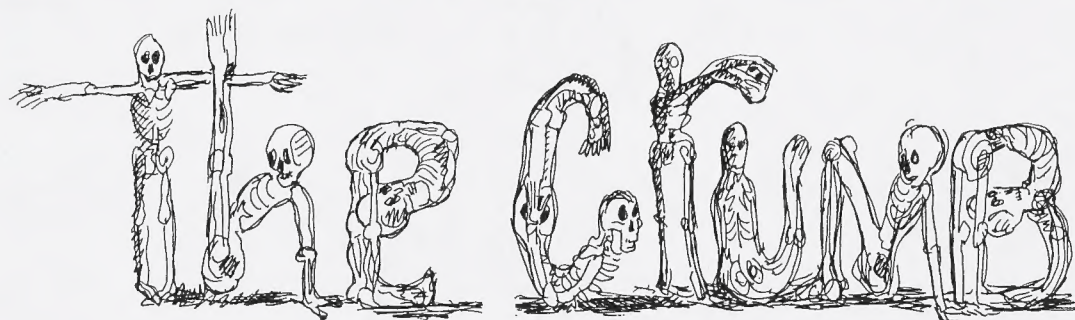
* * * * *

On the eastern shore
of an eastern lake,
not too far from where
he once heard the Sisters
of St. Joseph at their Vespers singing,
there is a rock. Beige is this rock
or brown or sometimes yellow.
Sun-warmed & square,
about as big around
as this small-leaved writing table.

Against this rock
he feels lake waters lapping,
cold currents laced
with autumn's sun-gathered waters.
Light spangles the flint-chiseled surface
of the Quattrocento wavelets.
A silver birch sways gently
in its yelloworange splendor & poplars
shimmer yellow-spangled leaves.
Upon the distant mountain
remembering the land's first father
the snow's first fall has settled.

--Paul Mariani, from "This Time, Fearing an
Aneurism, He Tries Meditating"

Designed in Italy to Hold Stuff While Traveling



The Crumb

THE CRUMB

THE enquiring CRUMP

SEE YA!!

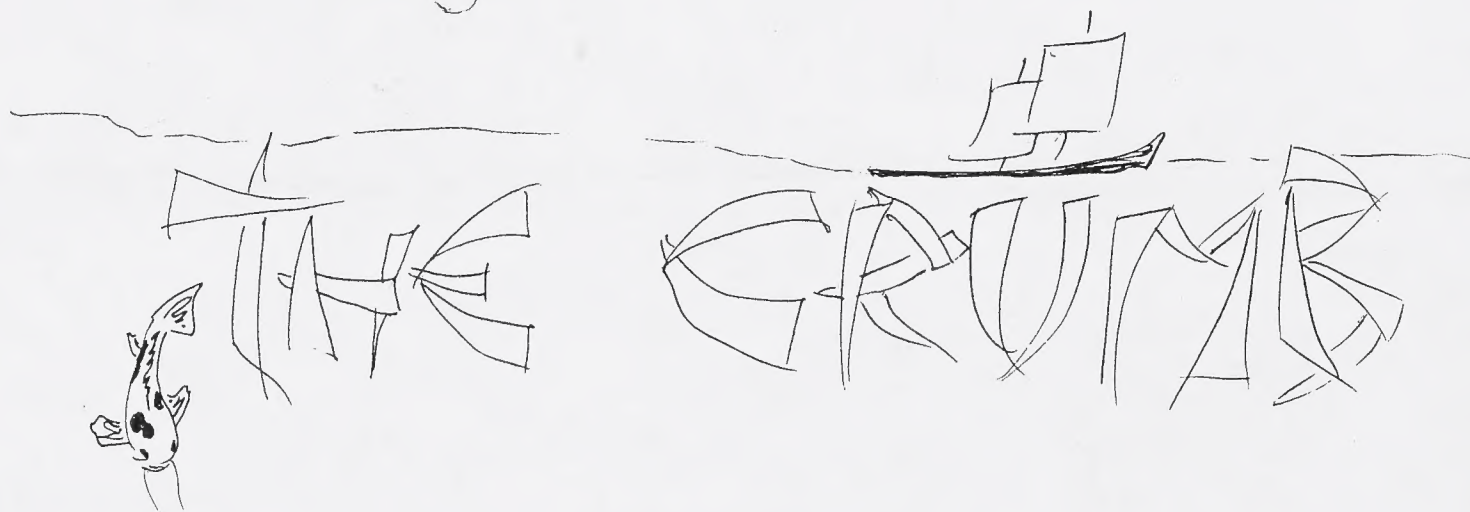
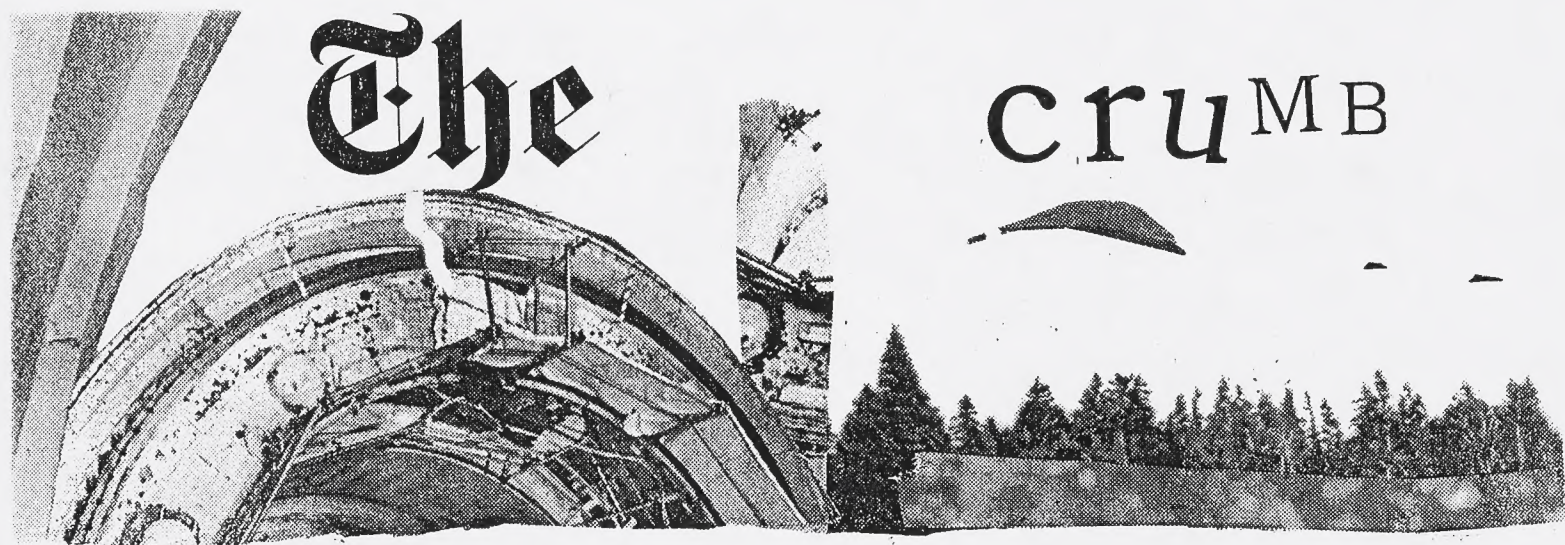


Vol. 68, no. 13

Sunday, August 29, 1993

No more news: Have a safe trip!

The Crumb



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